THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

WITH

THE STORY OF

THE SHEPHERDESS FELISMENA

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SPEED AND LAUNCE.

Speed: "WHAT AN ASS ART THOU! I UNDERSTAND THEE NOT."
Launce: "WHAT A BLOCK ART THOU, THAT THOU CANST NOT."
Act II., Scene 5.

After a Drawing by C. Green.

THE

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HENRY MORLEY

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INTRODUCTION.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona may have been Shakespeare's first original comedy. It is the first named in the list given by Meres, who follows it with *The Comedy of Errors* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. These three certainly were earlier than the other comedies named in 1598. One or two of these, produced in 1591-2, would answer well to Henry Chettle's phrase, "facetious grace," associated with the writing of Shakespeare when, in his "Kindheart's Dream," he expressed regret for having allowed, as Robert Greene's literary executor, a sneer against Shakespeare to be printed. Greene wrote when his life was closing in a misery that he himself had made; and he wrote when Shakespeare was regarded rather as a player than as a poet. He had become prominent among the players for his readiness in re-casting old work of the poets to give it a new lease of life upon the stage. To Greene this seemed impertinence, and before his death in 1592 Greene had scarcely become acquainted with the evidence, then first given, that Shakespeare was himself ready to take high place among the dramatists. Chettle's withdrawal of the only unkind words that we know to have been ever written about Shakespeare, bears

witness to the young poet's character as well as to his genius. "I am so sorry," he said, "as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes; besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing that approves his art." Shakespeare's age was at that time about twenty-eight. In the first six years of his work in London, from 1586 to 1592, he had been among the players, making himself generally useful. He was an actor; and in the latter part of this time he seems to have been the actor on whom his company relied most for skill in the revision of plays that had ceased to attract audiences, but could be reconstructed in a way that would bring credit and profit to the theatre. This part of Shakespeare's work is represented in Heminge and Condell's collection of his plays by the three parts of *King Henry VI.*, and in its most advanced form by *The Comedy of Errors* and *King John*. Whoever compares thoughtfully the play upon which Shakespeare founded his *King John* with the work shaped from it, will receive from Shakespeare himself a lesson in the Art of Poetry.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, which was among the first, if not the first, of Shakespeare's original plays, was first printed in the folio of 1623, the first

edition of Shakespeare's collected works. It is there given as the second comedy in the collection, which does not attempt chronological order, and places *The Tempest* first. Theories have been formed that associate changes in the character of Shakespeare's plays with changes in the poet's temperament during the course of life. But there is no real change in the character of the plays except such as arises from the growth of power. In that respect the difference is very great between *King Lear* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. Shakespeare's view of life is the same throughout, and his method as a dramatist, from first to last, differs only by advance in thoroughness. Every play represents some problem of life and its solution. All through his plays we learn the spiritual rule of three, by which alone the problems of life can be solved:—Love God: love your neighbour: do your work. All through his plays we have evil shown as only overcome by good. When, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, in *The Merchant of Venice*, in *As You Like It*, discords of human life are especially set forth, it is always to show Love as the healing power. Some suppose that *The Tempest* was Shakespeare's last play. Certainly, it was written after 1603. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, robbed of his rule in Milan, and cast adrift upon the sea by his own brother in league with his inveterate enemy the King of Naples, uses magic power that

would have sufficed to keep him independent of the world, to reconcile it to himself. When he might revenge himself upon those who have done him wrong by sending them all to the bottom of the sea, he uses his art only to conquer hate with love, unite his daughter to the heir of Naples, and bring the King and others who had done him wrong to the repentance that is at once followed by full reconciliation. In that late, if not last, play, Prospero says of those who had done ill to him—

"Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part. The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther."

In this early, if not first, play, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Proteus is unfaithful—false to his mistress and false to his friend. At the close of the play, when he has sunk lowest, he repents, and full forgiveness follows instantly.

Proteus. My shame and guilt confound me.—
Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here: I do as truly suffer
As e'er I did commit.
Valentine. Then I am paid;
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied

Is nor of Heaven nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
By penitence th' Eternal's wrath 's appeased.

The unity preserved by Shakespeare in artistic treatment of each play—which it is the chief purpose of this edition of his works to show—is of a kind that also makes each play a part of a great whole. In Shakespeare's works we have the life of man set to right music. All the variety of life is there, and Shakespeare's music follows everywhere those laws of the best Science of Harmony which were set forth in the Sermon on the Mount.

The method is the same in Shakespeare's earlier and later plays, although with time and experience it gathers force. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* the theme is Fidelity—

"O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all sins :
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins."

Use is made even of the dog as a type of fidelity in fitting the clown's part to the play ; but as the dog's fidelity to Launce could not be shown in the story, Shakespeare has put in place of it Launce's unflinching fidelity to his dog. He takes a whipping that should have gone to the dog—"How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for 't : thou think'st not of this now."

Shakespeare did not, like Marlowe, put away the clown in which his public delighted, but he bade him speak the words set down for him, and gave him words that brought him within bounds of the thought and action of the play.

The two gentlemen of Verona (friends, named—one, from association with an old February custom, Valentine, for he is a faithful lover; the other, from the old god who could take many shapes, Proteus, for he is unfaithful) are set in a story that grows out of the unfaithfulness of Proteus. Proteus is the one unfaithful person in the story, and he is met everywhere by examples of fidelity. He plays false, and hears the right note struck constantly by those about him.

In the First Act the friendship is shown; with the love of Proteus for Julia. Valentine, not pledged yet to any lady, is sent by his father to the Court at Milan. The father of Proteus resolves that he also shall go to the Court at Milan.

The Second Act shows at Milan Valentine's love for the Duke's daughter Silvia. Proteus, following to Milan, breaking faith with Valentine his friend and Julia his mistress, plots to win Silvia; while faithful Julia, disguised as a page, will seek Proteus in Milan. Proteus hopes to succeed by a perfidious plot, and marks the selfishness of infidelity by the excuse to himself: "I to myself am dearer than a friend."

The Third Act sets forth the treachery of Proteus, who betrays Valentine's secret to the Duke, and offers to belie him to Silvia. Valentine is banished.

In the Fourth Act, Valentine is taken by the outlaws and becomes their captain. Julia has joined Proteus. There is set forth the fidelity of Silvia and Julia to their loves; also the fidelity of Launce to his dog and to his master. He was ready to give even Crab away in his master's service. Proteus finds that

> "Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
> To be corrupted with my worthless gifts."

And Julia, when the host brings her in her boy's dress to hear the music below Silvia's window, in which Proteus takes chief part, causes the host to say—

> How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.
>
> *Julia.* You mistake: the musician likes me not.
>
> *Host.* Why, my pretty youth?
>
> *Julia.* He plays false, father.
>
> *Host.* How? out of tune on the strings?
>
> *Julia.* Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heartstrings.
>
> *Host.* You have a quick ear.
>
> *Julia.* Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.
>
> *Host.* I perceive, you delight not in music
>
> *Julia.* Not when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.
Julia. Ay, that change is the spite.

Silvia resolves to go in search of banished Valentine, and chooses for companion and protector in her enterprise the faithful Eglamour.

"Thyself hast loved; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose."

In the Fifth Act, which, through adventures in the forest, brings the story to an end, it should be noted not only that repentance instantly restores his friend to Proteus, but that the true friendship is distinguished from the false by a large spirit of self-sacrifice. Opposed to the former reasoning of Proteus, "I to myself am dearer than a friend," is the addition made by Valentine of a deed to the words of full reconciliation—

"And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee."

Thus he releases Silvia of all pledges that might restrain her from taking Proteus if she will, and Shakespeare marks decisively the character of a true friend. "All that was mine in Silvia" was all he had to give. He could not give what was

hers, which Proteus must win from her if he would win her. But the infidelity of Proteus is conquered also by the fidelity of Julia, and the last line of the play promises to the marriage-day of Proteus and Julia, Valentine and Silvia,

"One feast, one house, one mutual happiness."

The story of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* seems to have been wholly of Shakespeare's own fashioning. The laying of the scene in Italy, and the romance material, followed, of course, the fashion of the day. It has been thought that Valentine among the outlaws might have been suggested by that part of the first book of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia" which tells of Pyrocles among the Helots. The book was written in 1580–81, and first published in 1590, four years after Sidney's death. But there is no resemblance in the incidents, except their association with a tale of friendship. Musidorus finds the chief of the Helots to be his friend Pyrocles, whom he had supposed to be drowned. We may take for granted also that Shakespeare was in 1590 among the first readers of Sidney's "Arcadia," and remember that *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* was written in 1591 or 1592.

There is clearer indication of an influence upon the matter of the play from a pastoral romance in prose mixed with verse—"Diana Enamorada"—by George of Montemayor. He was a Portuguese

of Montemayor, near Coimbra. He began the tale in his youth, following the example set by the "Arcadia" of Sanazzaro; and it was first printed at Valencia in 1542. A second part, in eight books, written by Alonzo Perez, was published in 1564; but even then the work was incomplete. Its fame caused it to be translated by Bartholomew Yonge, and although his translation was not printed until 1598, six or seven years after the production of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, he says of it "that it had lyen by him finished Horaces ten and sixe yeeres more." There is, however, upon record, as produced in the year 1584, "The History of Felix and Philiomena, shewed and enacted before her highnes by her Ma^ts^ servaunts on the sondaie nexte after newyeares daie, at night at Greenwiche." This play is lost, but it seems to have been founded upon those incidents in the "Diana" which are given in this volume from Bartholomew Yonge's translation. The incidents of the maid and the love-letter and of the serenade, are clearly the source of incidents in Shakespeare's story of Julia and Proteus. Shakespeare may, however, have had them from some preceding English treatment of the story, such as this lost play of *Felix and Philiomena*, with which, if we knew it, we might find other resemblances not traceable in the work of George of Montemayor.

H. M.

THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*
VALENTINE, } *the Two Gentle-*
PROTEUS, } *men.*
ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*
THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*
EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*
SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*
LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*
PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*
Host, where Julia lodges.
Outlaws with Valentine.

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*
SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*
LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE.—In VERONA; in MILAN; and in a Forest near MILAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Verona.* An open Place in the City.

Enter VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were 't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad,

Than, living dully sluggardised at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine, adieu!
Think on thy Proteus when thou haply seest
Some rare noteworthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I 'll pray for thee.

Val. That 's on some shallow story of deep love;
How young Leander crossed the Hellespont.

Pro. That 's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'T is true; for you are over boots in love,
And yet you never swam the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots! nay, give me not the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for 't boots not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be

In love: where scorn is bought with groans; coy looks,
With heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's mirth,
With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labour won:
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquishéd.

Pro. So by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear you 'll prove.

Pro. 'T is love you cavil at: I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yokéd by a fool,
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turned to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee
That art a votary to fond desire?

Once more, adieu! My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipped.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell.

[*Exit.*

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me,—
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you! Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipped already,
And I have played the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then, my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I 'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry 'baa.'

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are a stray, 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over.
'T is threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. What said she? [SPEED *nods.*] Did she nod?

Speed. Ay.

Pro. Nod, Ay? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, Ay.

Pro. And that set together, is 'noddy.'

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word 'noddy' for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you 'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she 'll prove as hard to

you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones, for she 's as hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testerned me; in requital whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself. And so, sir, I 'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.—

[*Exit* SPEED.

I must go send some better messenger:
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Verona. JULIA'S Garden.

Enter JULIA *and* LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen

That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia.' Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus.

He would have given it to you, but I, being in the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper: see it be returned;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet I would I had o'erlooked the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid
And would not force the letter to my view,—
Since maids, in modesty, say 'No' to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, 'Ay.'
Fie, fie, how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What, ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your meat
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune.
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible:
Best sing it to the tune of 'Light o' love.'

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden, then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—[*Takes the letter.*]—
How now, minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a descant:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drowned with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:—
Here is a coil with protestation!—

[*Tears the letter.*

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best pleased

To be so angered with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so angered with the same!

O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings?
I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
Look, here is writ—'kind Julia.'—Unkind Julia!
As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
And here is writ—'love-wounded Proteus.'—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly healed;
And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice or thrice was Proteus written down:
Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name: that some whirlwind bear
Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
'Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus
To the sweet Julia:'—that I'll tear away;—
And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them down;
Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see;
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will 't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.—Verona. A Room in Antonio's House.

Enter Antonio *and* Panthino.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister?

Pant. 'T was of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wondered, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home,
While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;
Some, to the studious universities.
For any or for all these exercises
He said that Proteus your son was meet,
And did request me to impórtune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much impórtune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have considered well his loss of time,

And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried and tutored in the world:
Experience is by industry achieved,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant
How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'T were good, I think, your lordship sent him thither.
There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen,
And be in eye of every exercise
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised;
And, that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition
I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:

And,—in good time.—Now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents!
O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now! what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May 't please your lordship, 't is a word or two
Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Delivered by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well beloved,
And daily gracéd by the emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed.

For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court:
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not; for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided:
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on Panthino: you shall be employed
To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt* ANTONIO *and* PANTHINO.

Pro. Thus have I shunned the fire for fear of burning,
And drenched me in the sea, where I am drowned.
I feared to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you:
He is in haste; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is,—my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers, No.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE's Palace.

Enter VALENTINE *and* SPEED.

Speed [*picking up a glove*]. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it 's mine.—
Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine!
Ah, Silvia, Silvia!

Speed [*calling*]. Madam Silvia, Madam Silvia!

Val. How now, sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her?

Speed. Your worship, sir; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you 'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir: tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learned, like Sir Proteus, to wreath your arms, like a malcontent; to relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet; to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas. You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money; and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal, that not an eye that sees you but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favoured, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favoured.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair as, of you, well-favoured.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her, and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swinged me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.—Peace! here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O, give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoined me, I have writ your letter
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship. [*Gives a letter.*]

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 't is very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much.
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name 't;—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship; do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ,
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them. [*Gives back the letter.*

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay, you writ them, sir, at my request;
But I will none of them. They are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I 'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over :

And, if it please you, so : if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam ; what then ?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour.

And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple !

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better,

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter ?

Val. How now, sir ! what, are you reasoning with yourself ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming : 't is you that have the reason.

Val. To do what ?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madame Silvia.

Val. To whom ?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she wooes you by a figure.

Val. What figure ?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I 'll warrant you, 't is as well:

For often have you writ to her, and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto her lover.
All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.—
Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am

nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner. Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Gives him a ring.*

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange: here, take you this. [*Gives her a ring.*

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.
My father stays my coming; answer not.
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.
Julia, farewell. [*Exit* JULIA

What! gone without a word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Verona. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, *leading a dog.*

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court. I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay,

I'll show you the manner of it. This shoe is my father:—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so, neither;—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole. This shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't! there 't is: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; 'Father, your blessing!' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping: now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;—O, that she could speak now, like a wood woman!—well, I kiss her; why, there 't is, here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes. Now, the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter? why weep'st thou, man?

Away, ass! you'll lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever any man tied.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In my tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied! Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, *and* SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it 's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I 'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'T is indeed, madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more:—Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health.
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy
We have conversed, and spent our hours together:
And though myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time
To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection,
Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;

His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe :
And, in a word,—for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow,—
He is complete in feature and in mind
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress' love
As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates :
And here he means to spend his time awhile :
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wished a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth.
Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, Sir Thurio :—
For Valentine, I need not cite him to it.
I 'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes locked in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them,
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then, he should be blind; and, being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself:
Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,
Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wished to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is; sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:—
Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed.
Servant, you 're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I 'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord, your father, would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serv.*
Come, Sir Thurio,
Go you with me.—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I 'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We 'll both attend upon your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* SILVIA *and* THURIO.

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you;

I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is altered now.
I have done penance for contemning Love:
Whose high imperious thoughts have punished me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chased sleep from my enthralléd eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow.
O gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord,
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess
There is no woe to his correction,
Nor to his service no such joy on earth!
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough; I read your fortune in your eye.
Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heavenly saint?

Pro. No; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills;
And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,
Yet let her be a principality,
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.
Pro. Except my mistress.
Val. Sweet, except not any;
Except thou wilt except against my love.
Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?
Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.
Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this?
Val. Pardon me, Proteus; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing.
She is alone.
Pro. Then let her alone.
Val. Not for the world: why, man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,

Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay,
And we are betrothed ; nay, more, our marriage-hour,
With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of : how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use,
And then I 'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.— [*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* SPEED.
Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,

Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She 's fair, and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thawed,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont:
O, but I love his lady too too much;
And that 's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzléd my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I 'll use my skill. [*Exit.*

Scene V.—Milan. A Street.

Enter Speed *and* Launce.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth, for

I am not welcome. I reckon this always, that a man is never undone till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say, 'Welcome!'

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where for one shot of five-pence thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with Madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match.

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me but by a parable.

Speed. 'T is well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he

burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Milan. A room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury:
Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.
O sweet-suggesting Love, if thou hast sinned,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it!
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolvéd will

To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;
If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,
For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend,
For love is still most precious in itself;
And Silvia—witness Heaven that made her fair!—
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.
I will forget that Julia is alive.
Remembering that my love to her is dead;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself
Without some treachery used to Valentine.—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;
Myself in counsel, his competitor:
Now presently I'll give her father notice
Of their disguising and pretended flight;
Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine,

For Thurio he intends shall wed his daughter;
But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross
By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*

Scene VII.—Verona. A Room in Julia's House.

Enter Julia *and* Lucetta.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;
And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly charáctered and engraved,—
To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
How, with my honour, I may undertake
A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she that hath Love's wings to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?
Pity the dearth that I have pinéd in
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.
Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.
Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns.
The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopped, impatiently doth rage;
But, when his fair course is not hinderéd,
He makes sweet music with the enamelled stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course.
I 'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I 'll rest, as, after much turmoil,

A blesséd soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—'Tell me, good my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthingale?'
Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-favoured.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now 's not worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me have
What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me
For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalised.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey when you come,
No matter who 's displeased when you are gone.
I fear me, he will scarce be pleased withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect!
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart;
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven, he prove so, when you come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong
To bear a hard opinion of his truth:

Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Scene I.—Milan. An Anteroom in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke, Thurio, *and* Proteus

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile:
We have some secrets to confer about.—
[*Exit* Thurio.
Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover
The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply when they have judged me fast asleep;
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court;
But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
And so unworthily disgrace the man,—
A rashness that I ever yet have shunned,—
I gave him gentle looks; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower
The key whereof myself have ever kept;
And thence she cannot be conveyed away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly
That my discovery be not aiméd at;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord; Sir Valentine is coming.
[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then, no matter; stay with me awhile.
I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'T is not unknown to thee that I have sought
To match my friend Sir Thurio to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord; and, sure, the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me: she is peevish, sullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherished by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Milano here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy,
And nought esteems my agéd eloquence:
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor—
For long agone I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed—
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.
Send her another; never give her o'er,
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you;
If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone,
For why the fools are mad, if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;

For, 'get you gone,' she doth not mean, 'away.'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be locked, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why, then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child
That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—
I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—
What letter is this same? What's here?—'To Silvia!'
And here an engine fit for my proceeding!
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Reads.*

"*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;*
And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying.
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;
While I, their king, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blessed them,
Because myself do want my servants' fortune:
I curse myself, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What 's here?

"*Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee.*"

'T is so; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.
Why, Phaethon,—for thou art Merops' son,—
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?
Go, base intruder! overweening slave!
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence.
Thank me for this more than for all the favours
Which, all too much, I have bestowed on thee:
But if thou linger in my territories

Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter or thyself.
Be gone: I will not hear thy vain excuse;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence.

[*Exit* DUKE.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banished from myself;
And Silvia is myself: banished from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Fostered, illumined, cherished, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho ! so-ho !

Pro. What seest thou ?

Launce. Him we go to find : there 's not a hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine !

Val. No.

Pro. Who then ? his spirit ?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak ? master, shall I strike ?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike ?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I 'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valentine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopped, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possessed them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,

For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia!—
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia hath forsworn me!—
What is your news?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that you are vanished.

Pro. That thou art banishéd: O, that 's the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banishéd?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom—
Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force—
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tendered,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them
As if but now they waxéd pale for woe:
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more; unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence
Which, being writ to me, shall be delivered
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I 'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,

Regard thy danger, and along with me!

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia!—hapless Valentine!

[*Exeunt* VALENTINE *and* PROTEUS.

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now that knows me to be in love: yet I am in love; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me, nor who 't is I love; and yet 't is a woman; but what woman, I will not tell myself; and yet 't is a milk-maid; yet 't is not a maid, for she hath had gossips; yet 't is a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare Christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her conditions. Imprimis, 'She can fetch and carry.' Why, a horse can do no more: nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry; therefore is she better than a jade. Item, 'She can milk;' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce. what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news, then, in your paper?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heardest.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolthead! thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest; I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother. This proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come; try me in thy paper.

Launce. There, and Saint Nicholas be thy speed!

Speed. [*Reads.*] 'Imprimis, She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. 'Item, She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. 'Item, She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. 'Item, She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?

Speed. 'Item, She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. 'Item, She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. 'Item, She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that, indeed, know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. 'Item, She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. 'Item, She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. 'Item, She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It 's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. 'Item, She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her vices! To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. 'Item, She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. 'Item, She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. 'Item, She is curst.'

Launce. Well; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. 'Item, She will often praise her liquor.'

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall: if she will not, I will; for good things should be praised.

Speed. 'Item, She is too liberal.'

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that 's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I 'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. 'Item, She hath more hair than wit,'—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be; I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. 'And more faults than hairs,'—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. 'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swinged for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I 'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

Scene II.—Milan.—An Apartment in the Duke's Palace.

Enter Duke *and* Thurio.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you
Now Valentine is banished from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most:
Forsworn my company, and railed at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenchéd in ice, which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water and doth lose his form.
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

Enter PROTEUS.

How now, Sir Proteus! Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee—
For thou hast shown some sign of good desert—
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she persévers so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she 'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:
'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him
Your slander never can endamage him:
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevailed, my lord. If I can do it
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me;
Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
Upon this warrant shall you have access
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;—
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;—
Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,
To hate young Valentine and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composéd rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
Write till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line
That may discover such integrity :
For Orpheus' lute was strung with poet's sinews,
Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert: to their instruments
Tune a deploring dump; the night's dead silence
Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some gentlemen well skilled in music.
I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after supper,
And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Scene I.—A Forest near Milan.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter Valentine *and* Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about ye;

If not, we 'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. O, sir, we are undone! These are the villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That 's not so, sir,—we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace! we 'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we;

For he is a proper man.

Val. Then know that I have little wealth to lose.

A man I am crossed with adversity;

My riches are these poor habiliments,

Of which if you should here disfurnish me,

You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there?

Val. Some sixteen months; and longer might have stayed,
If crookéd fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What, were you banished thence?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I killed a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
But were you banished for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them:
It is an honourable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungoverned youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
Myself was from Verona banishéd
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood, I stabbed unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives;
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banished man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you.

Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.
We 'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offered.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we 'll bring thee to our cave,
And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer;
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn,
In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved:
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, *and Musicians.*

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let 's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter at a distance Host, and JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you 're allicholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we 'll have you merry. I 'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you asked for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;

The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heartstrings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing.

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus that we talk on,
Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he loved her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead
That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt* THURIO *and Musicians.*

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.
Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,
You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.
Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seducéd by thy flattery,
That hast deceived so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit,
And by-and-by intend to chide myself
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;
For, I am sure, she is not buriéd.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betrothed ; and art thou not ashamed
To wrong him with thy importúnacy ?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I ; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buriéd.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence ;
Or, at the least, in hers sepúlchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that I 'll speak, to that I 'll sigh and weep ;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you well
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I 'll send it :
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,

That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS *and* SILVIA.

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watched, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call and know her mind.
There 's some great matter she 'd employ me in.—
Madam, madam!

Enter SILVIA *above, at her window.*

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman—
Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not,—
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplished.
That art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banished Valentine,
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where I hear he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief,—a lady's grief,—
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,

That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,
I give consent to go along with you;
Recking as little what betideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell,
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt* EGLAMOUR, *and* SILVIA *above.*

Enter LAUNCE *with his dog.*

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it. I have taught him, even as one would say precisely, 'Thus I would teach a dog.' I was sent to deliver him as a present to Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to

her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed; to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hanged for 't: sure as I live, he had suffered for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentlemen-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dog: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; ''t was I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I 'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he

had suffered for 't: thou think'st not of this now. —Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whoreson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen

from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.
Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?
A slave that still an end turns me to shame.—
[*Exit* LAUNCE

Sebastian, I have entertainéd thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;
But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,
Which—if my augury deceive me not—
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth;
Therefore know thou for this I entertain thee
Go presently, and take this ring with thee:
Deliver it to Madam Silvia.
She loved me well, delivered it to me.

Jul. It seems you loved not her, to leave her token.
She 's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as well
As you do love your lady Silvia.
She dreams on him that has forgot her love;
You dote on her that cares not for your love.
'T is pity love should be so contrary;
And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter:—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me, sad and solitary. [*Exit.*

Jul. How many women would do such a message?
Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertained
A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will;
And now am I—unhappy messenger—
To plead for that which I would not obtain;

To carry that which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true-confirméd love,
But cannot be true servant to my master
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.—

Enter SILVIA, *attended.*

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O, he sends you for a picture?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.—

[*A picture brought.*

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.

[*Gives a letter.*

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvised
Delivered you a paper that I should not:
This is the letter to your ladyship. [*Gives another.*

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.
I will not look upon your master's lines:
I know they are stuffed with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear this paper.

[*Tears the second letter.*

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her.
Poor gentlewoman! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself
To think upon her woes, I do protest
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that Proteus hath forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that 's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is.
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinched the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were played,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimmed in Madam Julia's gown,
Which servéd me as fit, by all men's judgments,
As if the garment had been made for me:
Therefore I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.
Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight;
Which I so lively acted with my tears,

That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady, desolate and left!—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth; there is my purse: I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.
Farewell. [*Exit* SILVIA, *attended.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.—
A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful!
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself!
Here is her picture: let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
And yet the painter flattered her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow;
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a coloured periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine:
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.

What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective in myself,
If this fond Love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
For 't is thy rival. O thou senseless form!
Thou shalt be worshipped, kissed, loved, and adored,
And, were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead
I 'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That used me so, or else, by Jove I vow,
I should have scratched out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Scene I.—Milan. An Abbey.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
And now it is about the very hour
That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should meet me.
She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
Unless it be to come before their time,

So much they spur their expedition.
See, where she comes.—

Enter SILVIA,

Lady, a happy evening!

Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:
I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we are sure enough. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person

Thu. What, that my leg is too long?

Pro. No, that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat rounder.

Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurred to what it loathes.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T is true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them.

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. [*Aside.*] But, indeed, better when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she knows it cowardice.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus! how now, Thurio!
Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither

Duke. Why, then, she 's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
And Eglamour is in her company.
'T is true; for Friar Laurence met them both,
As he in penance wandered through the forest;
Him he knew well, and guessed that it was she,
But, being masked, he was not sure of it;
Besides, she did intend confession
At Patrick's cell this even: and there she was not.
These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
But mount you presently; and meet with me,
Upon the rising of the mountain foot
That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
That flies her fortune when it follows her.
I 'll after, more to be revenged on Eglamour,
Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love
Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
Than hate for Silvia that is gone for love. [*Exit.*

Scene III.—The Forest.

Enter Outlaws with Silvia.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
Be patient; we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
Have learned me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
But Moyses and Valerius follow him.
Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
There is our captain. We 'll follow him that 's fled;
The thicket is beset, he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave.
Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—

[*Noise within.*

What halloing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well: yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine: who 's this comes here?
[*Steps aside*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, *and* JULIA *in boy's clothes.*

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you—
Though you respect not aught your servant doth—
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forced your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seizéd by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast
Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.

O Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life 's as tender to me as my soul ;
And full as much—for more there cannot be—
I do detest false perjured Proteus.
Therefore be gone ; solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look ?
O, 't is the curse in love, and still approved,
When women cannot love where they 're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he 's beloved.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,
And that 's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love
Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I 'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,

And love you 'gainst the nature of love,—force you.

Sil. O Heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. [*Coming forward.*] Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,—

Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love,—

For such is a friend now;—treacherous man!

Thou hast beguiled my hopes: nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,

I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand

Is perjured to the bosom? Proteus,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deep'st: time most accurst,

'Mongst all foes that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me.—

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence.

I tender 't here; I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is nor of Heaven, nor earth ; for these are pleased ;
By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased :—
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy ! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy ! why, wag ! how now ? what is the matter ?
Look up ; speak.

Jul. O good sir ! my master charged me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy ?

Jul. Here 't is : this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How ! let me see.
Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry you mercy, sir ; I have mistook :
This is the ring you sent to Silvia.
[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring ?
At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me ;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How ? Julia !

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertained them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment,—if shame live
In a disguise of love.
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true. O Heaven, were man
But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults; makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.
What is in Silvia's face but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE *and* THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear,—
Forbear, I say; it is my lord the duke.—
Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banishéd Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine!

Thu. Yonder is Silvia; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death;
Come not within the measure of my wrath:
Do not name Silvia thine; if once again,
Milano shall not hold thee. Here she stands:
Take but possession of her with a touch;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not:
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:

Know, then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.
Plead a new state in thy unrivalled merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—Sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace; the gift hath made happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banished men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recalled from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevailed; I pardon them and thee:
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go: we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile.
What think you of this page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him; he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I 'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortunéd.—
Come, Proteus; 't is your penance but to hear
The story of your loves discoveréd:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS FELISMENA.

A STORY FROM SIDNEY'S ARCADIA.

THE STORY OF THE SHEPHERDESS FELISMENA.

From the 'Diana' of GEORGE DE MONTEMAYOR.
Translated by BARTHOLOMEW YONGE.

YOU shall therefore knowe (faire nymphes) that great Vandalia is my natiue countrie, a prouince not far hence, where I was borne, in a citie called Soldina, my mother called Delia, my father Andronius, for linage and possessions the chiefest of all that prouince. It fell out that as my mother was married many yeeres and had no children (by reason whereof she liued so sad and malecontent that she enjoyed not one merry day), with teares and sighes she daily importuned the heauens, and with a thousand vowes and deuout offerings, besought God to grant her the summe of her desire: whose omnipotencie it pleased, beholding from his imperiall throne her continuall orisons, to make her barren bodie (the greater part of her age being now spent and gone) to become fruitfull. What infinite joy she conceiued thereof, let her judge, that after a long desire of any thing, fortune at last doth put

it into her handes. Of which content my father Andronius being no less partaker, shewed such tokens of inward joy as are impossible to be expressed. My mother Delia was so much giuen to reading of ancient histories, that if, by reason of sickenes or any important businesse, she had not bene hindred, she would neuer (by her will) haue passed the time away in any other delight; who (as I said) being now with childe, and finding herselfe on a night ill at ease, intreated my father to reade something vnto her, that, her minde being occupied in contemplation thereof, she might the better passe her greefe away. My father, who studied for nothing els but to please her in all he might, began to reade vnto her the historie of Paris, when the three Ladies referred their proude contention for the golden Apple to his conclusion and iudgement. But as my mother held it for an infallible opinion that Paris had partially giuen that sentence (perswaded thereunto by a blinde passion of beautie), so she said, that without all doubt he did not with due reason and wisedome consider the Goddesse of battels; for, as martiall and heroicall feates (saide she) excelled all other qualities, so with equitie and iustice the Apple should have bene giuen to her. My father answered, that since

the Apple was to be giuen to the fairest, and that Venus was fairer than any of the rest, Paris had rightly giuen his iudgement, if that harme had not ensued thereof, which afterwardes did. To this my mother replied, that, though it was written in the Apple, *That it should be giuen to the fairest,* it was not to be vnderstood of corporall beautie, but of the intellectual beautie of the mind. And therefore since fortitude was a thing that made one most beautiful, and the exercise of arms an exterior act of this vertue, she affirmed, that to the Goddesse of battels this Apple should be giuen, if Paris had iudged like a prudent and vnapassionate iudge. So that (faire Nymphes) they spent a great part of the night in controuersie, both of them alledging the most reasons they could to confirme their own purpose. They persisting in this pointe, sleepe began to ouercome her, whom the reasons and arguments of her husband coulde not once mooue ; so that being very deepe in her disputations, she fell into as deepe a sleepe, to whom (my father being now gone to his chamber) appeered the Goddesse Venus, with as frowning a countenance as faire, and saide, I maruell, Delia, who hath mooued thee to be so contrarie to her, that was neuer opposite to thee? If thou hadst but called

to minde the time when thou wert so ouercome in loue for Andronius, thou wouldest not have paide me the debt (thou owest me) with so ill coine. But thou shalt not escape free from my due anger; for thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, whose birth shall cost thee no lesse than thy life, and them their contentment, for vttering so much in disgrace of my honour and beautie: both which shall be as infortunate in their loue as any were ever in all their liues, or to the age wherein, with remedylesse sighes, they shall breath forth the summe of their ceaselesse sorrowes. And hauing saide thus, she vanished away: when, likewise, it seemed to my mother that the Goddesse Pallas came to her in a vision, and with a merry countenance saide thus unto her: With what sufficient rewardes may I be able to requite the due regarde (most happie and discreete Delia) which thou hast alleaged in my fauour against thy husbands obstinate opinion, except it be by making thee vnderstand that thou shalt bring foorth a sonne and a daughter, the most fortunate in armes that haue bene to their times. Having thus said, she uanished out of her sight, and my mother, thorow exceeding feare, awaked immediately. Who, within a moneth after, at one birth was deliuered of me,

and of a brother of mine, and died in childebed, leauing my father the most sorrowfull man in the world for her sudden death; for greefe whereof, within a little while after, he also died. And bicause you may knowe (faire Nymphes) in what great extremities loue hath put me, you must vnderstand that (being a woman of that qualitie and disposition as you haue heard) I haue bene forced by my cruell destinie to leaue my naturall habit and libertie, and the due respect of mine honour, to follow him, who thinkes (perhaps) that I doe but leese it by louing him so extremely. Behold, how booteless and vnseemely it is for a woman to be so dextrous in armes, as if it were her proper nature and kinde, wherewith (faire Nymphes) I had neuer bene indued, but that, by meanes thereof, I should come to doe you this little seruice against these villaines; whiche I account no less then if fortune had begun to satisfie in part some of those infinite wrongs that she hath continually done me. The Nymphes were so amazed at her words, that they coulde neither aske nor answere any thing to that the faire Shepherdesse tolde them, who, prosecuting her historie, saide:

My brother and I were brought vp in a Nunnerie, where an aunt of ours was Abbesse, until we had

accomplished twelue yeeres of age, at what time we were taken from thence againe, and my brother was caried to the mightie and inuincible King of Portugall his Court (whose noble fame and princely liberalitie was bruted ouer all the world) where, being growen to yeeres able to manage armes, he atchieued as valiant and almost incredible enterprises by them, as he suffered vnfortunate disgraces and foiles by loue. And with all this he was so highly fauored of that magnificent King, that he would neuer suffer him to depart from his Court. Vnfortunate I, reserued by my sinister destinies to greater mishaps, was caried to a grandmother of mine, which place I would I had neuer seene, since it was an occasion of such a sorrowfull life as neuer any woman suffered the like. And bicause there is not any thing (faire Nymphes) which I am not forced to tell you, as well for the great uertue and desertes which your excellent beauties doe testifie, as also for that for my minde doth giue me, that you shall be no small part and meanes of my comfort, knowe, that as I was in my grandmothers house, and almost seuenteene yeeres olde, a certaine yoong Gentleman fell in loue with me, who dwelt no further from our house than the length of a garden Terrasse, so that he might see

me euery sommers night when I walked in the garden. When as therefore ingratefull Felix had beheld in that place the vnfortunate Felismena (for this is the name of the wofull woman that tels you her mishaps) he was extremely enamoured of me, or else did cunningly dissemble it, I not knowing then whether of these two I might beleeue, but am now assured, that whosoeuer beleeues lest, or nothing at all in these affaires, shall be most at ease. Many daies Don Felix spent in endeauouring to make me know the paines which he suffered for me, and many more did I spende in making the matter strange, and that he did not suffer them for my sake. And I know not why loue delaied the time so long by forcing me to loue him, but onely that (when he came indeed) he might enter into my hart at once, and with greater force and violence. When he had, therefore, by sundrie signes, as by Tylt and Tourneyes, and by prauncing vp and down vpon his proude jennet before my windowes, made it manifest that he was in loue with me (for at the first I did not so well perceive it) he determined in the end to write a letter vnto me; and hauing practised diuers times before with a maide of mine, and at length, with many gifts and faire promises, gotten her good will and

furtherance, he gaue her the letter to deliuer to me. But to see the meanes that Rosina made vnto me, (for so was she called) the dutifull seruices and vnwoonted circumstances, before she did deliuer it, the othes that she sware vnto me, and the subtle words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neuerthelesse) with an angrie countenance I turned againe, saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what heereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne euer after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion. But bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I haue saide, and giue thee warning to take heede of the second.

Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceiued by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Iesus, Mistresse! I gaue you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to mooue your patience with it in this sort: for if I had any thought that it would haue prouoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as euer he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well

enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceiued of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This hauing passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and loue (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbad me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene vs, as you haue heard. And so I continued all that day vntill night, in varietie of many thoughts. But when Rosina came to helpe me to bedde, God knowes how desirous I was to haue her entreat me againe to take the letter, but she would neuer speake vnto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once thinke thereof. Yet to trie, if by giuing her some occasion I might preuaile, I said vnto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write vnto me? These are things, Mistresse (saide she demurely to me againe), that are commonly incident to loue, wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought to haue angred you with it, I would haue first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer my selfe to remaine that night

onely with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeede, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that euer I passed. But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I perceiued, what is that that fell downe? (saide I), let me see it. It is nothing, Mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what! mooue me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, Mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would haue giuen you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes, saying, God neuer giue me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knew it well indeede, yet I saide, what, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy louers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy fauour. And opening it, I founde it conteined this that followeth:

"I euer imagined (deere Mistresse) that your discretion and wisedome woulde haue taken away

the feare I had to write vnto you, the same knowing well enough (without any letter at all) how much I loue you, but the very same hath so cunningly dissembled, that wherein I hoped the only remedie of my griefes had been, therein consisted my greatest harme. If according to your wisedome you censure my boldnes, I shall not then (I know) enioy one hower of life; but if you do consider of it according to loues accustomed effects, then will I not exchange my hope for it. Be not offended, I beseech you (good Ladie), with my letter, and blame me not for writing vnto you, vntil you see by experience whether I can leaue of to write: and take me besides into the possession of that which is yours, since all is mine doth wholly consist in your hands, the which, with all reuerence and dutifull affection, a thousand times I kisse."

When I had now seene my Don Felix his letter, whether it was for reading it at such a time, when by the same he shewed that he loued me more than himselfe, or whether he had disposition and regiment ouer part of this wearied soule, to imprint that loue in it whereof he wrote vnto me, I began to loue him too well (and, alas, for my harme!) since he was the cause of so much sorrow as I haue

passed for his sake. Whereupon, asking Rosina forgiuenes of what was past (as a thing needfull for that which was to come) and committing the secrecie of my loue to her fidelitie, I read the letter once againe, pausing a little at euery worde (and a very little indeede it was), bicause I concluded so soone with my selfe, to do that I did, although in verie truth it lay not otherwise in my power to do. Wherefore, calling for paper and inke, I answered his letter thus:

"Esteeme not so slightly of mine honour, Don Felix, as with fained wordes to think to enueagle it, or with thy vaine pretenses to offend it any waies. I know wel enough what manner of man thou art, and how great thy desert and presumption is; from whence thy boldness doth arise (I gesse), and not from the force (which thing thou wouldest faine perswade me) of thy feruent loue. And if it be so (as my suspicion suggesteth) thy labor is as vaine as thy imagination is presumptuous, by thinking to make me do any thing contrarie to that which I owe vnto mine honour. Consider (I beseech thee) how seldome things commenced vnder suttletie and dissimulation haue good successe; and that it is not the part of a Gentleman to meane them one way and speak

them another. Thou praiest me (amongst other things) to admit thee into possession of that that is mine: but I am of so ill an humour in matters of this qualitie, that I trust not things experienced, how much lesse then thy bare wordes; yet, neverthelesse, I make no small account of that which thou hast manifested to me in thy letter; for it is ynough that I am incredulous, though not unthankfull."

This letter did I send, contrarie to that I should haue done, because it was the occasion of all my harmes and greefes; for after this, he began to waxe more bolde by unfolding his thoughts, and seeking out the meanes to haue a parly with me. In the end (faire Nymphes), a few daies being spent in his demaunds and my answers, false loue did worke in me after his wonted fashions, euery hower seasing more strongly vpon my vnfortunate soule. The Tourneies were now renewed, the musicke by night did neuer cease; amorous letters and verses were re-continued on both sides; and thus passed I away almost a whole yeere, at the end whereof, I felt my selfe so far in his loue, that I had no power to retire, nor stay my selfe from disclosing my thoughts vnto him, the thing which he desired more then his owne life. But my aduerse fortune

afterwardes would, that of these our mutuall loues (when as now they were most assured) his father had some intelligence, and whosoever reauled them first, perswaded him so cunningly, that his father (fearing lest he would haue married me out of hand) sent him to the great Princesse Augusta Cæsarinas court, telling him, it was not meete that a yoong Gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spend his youth idly at home, where nothing could be learned but examples of vice, whereof the verie same idlenes (he said) was the only Mistresse. He went away so pensiue, that his great greefe would not suffer him to acquaint me with his departure; which when I knew, how sorrowfull I remained, she may imagine that hath bene at any time tormented with like passion. To tell you now the life that I led in his absence, my sadnes, sighes, and teares, which euery day I powred out of these wearied eies, my toong is far vnable: if then my paines were such that I cannot now expresse them, how could I then suffer them? But being in the mids of my mishaps, and in the depth of those woes which the absence of Don Felix caused me to feele, and it seeming to me that my greefe was without remedie, if he were once seene or knowen of the Ladies in that Court (more beau-

tifull and gracious then my selfe). By occasion whereof, as also by absence (a capitall enemie to loue), I might easily be forgotten, I determined to aduenture that, which I think neuer any woman imagined; which was to apparell myselfe in the habit of a man, and to hye me to the Court to see him, in whose sight al my hope and content remained: which determination, I no sooner thought of, then I put in practise, loue blinding my eies and minde with an inconsiderate regarde of mine owne estate and condition. To the execution of which attempt I wanted no industrie; for, being furnished with the helpe of one of my approoued friends, and treasouresse of my secrets, who bought me such apparell as I willed her, and a good horse for my journey, I went not onely out of my countrie, but out of my deere reputation, which (I thinke) I shall neuer recouver againe; and so trotted directly to the Court, passing by the way many accidents, which (if time would giue me leaue to tell them) would not make you laugh a little to heare them. Twenty daies I was in going thither, at the ende of which, being come to the desired place, I took vp mine Inne in a streete less frequented with concurse of people. And the great desire I had to see the destroier of my ioy did not

suffer me to thinke of any other thing, but how or where I might see him. To inquire of him of mine host I durst not, lest my comming might (perhaps) haue bene discouered; and so seeke him foorth I thought it not best, lest some inopinate mishap might haue fallen out, whereby I might haue bene knowen. Wherefore I passed all that day in these perplexities, while night came on, each hower whereof (me thought) was a whole yeere vnto me. But midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber doore, and tolde me if I was desirious to heare some braue musicke, I should arise quickly, and open a window towards the street. The which I did by and by, and making no noise at all, I heard how Don Felix his Page, called Fabius (whom I knew by his voice), saide to others that came with him, Now it is time, my Masters, bicause the Lady is in her gallerie ouer her garden, taking the fresh aire of the coole night. He had no sooner saide so, but they began to winde three Cornets and a Sackbot, with such skill and sweetenesse, that it seemed celestiall musicke. And then began a voice to sing, the sweetest (in my opinion) that euer I heard. And though I was in suspence, by hearing Fabius speake, whereby a thousand doubtes and imaginations (repugnant to my rest)

occurred in my minde, yet I neglected not to heare what was sung, bicause their operations were not of such force that they were able to hinder the desire, nor distemper the delight that I conceiued by hearing it. That therefore which was sung were these verses :—

"Sweete Mistresse, harken vnto me
(If it greeues thee to see me die),
And hearing, though it greeueth thee,
To heare me yet do not denie.

"O grant me then this short content,
For forc'd I am to thee to flie.
My sighes do not make thee relent,
Nor teares thy hart do mollifie.

"Nothing of mine doth giue thee payne,
Nor think'st thou of no remidie :
Mistresse, how long shall I sustaine
Such ill as still thou dost applie?

"In death there is no helpe, be sure,
But in thy will, where it doth lie :
For all those illes which death doth cure,
Alas ! they are but light to trie !

"My troubles do not trouble thee,
Nor hope to touch thy soule so nie :
O ! from a will that is so free,
What should I hope when I do crie?

"How can I mollifie that braue
And stonie hart of pitie drie?
Yet Mistresse, turne those eies (that haue
No peeres) shining like stars in skie;

"But turne them not in angrie sort,
If thou wilt not kill me thereby:
Though yet, in anger or in sport,
Thou killest onely with thine eie."

After they had first, with a concert of musicke, sung this song, two plaied, the one vpon a Lute, the other vpon a siluer sounding Harpe, being accompanied with the sweete voice of my Don Felix. The great ioy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loues. But after the deceit of this imagination was discouered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine eares, that this musick was bestowed vpon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was vnto my soule. And with a greeuous sigh, that carried almost my life away with it, I asked mine host if he knew what the Ladie was for whose sake the musicke was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire Ladies. And when

I saw he could not satisfie my request, I bent mine eares againe to heare my Don Felix, who now, to the tune of a delicate harpe, whereon he sweetly plaied, began to sing this Sonnet following :—

A Sonnet.

"My painefull yeeres impartiall *Loue* was spending
In vaine and booteles hopes my life appaying,
And cruell *Fortune* to the world bewraying
Strange samples of my teares that have no ending.
Time, euerie thing at last to truth commending,
Leaues of my steps such marks, that now betraying,
And all deceitfull trusts shall be decaying,
And none haue cause to plaine of his offending.
Shee, whom I lou'd to my obliged power,
That in her sweetest loue to me discouers
Which neuer yet I knew (those heauenly pleasures),
And I do saie, exclaiming euery hower,
Do not you see what makes you wise, O Louers ?
Loue, *Fortune*, *Time*, and my fair Mystresse treasures."

The Sonnet being ended, they paused awhile, playing on fower Lutes togither, and on a paire of Virginals, with such heauenly melodie, that the whole worlde (I thinke) could not affoord sweeter musick to the eare nor delight to any minde, not subiect to the panges of such predominant greefe and sorrow as mine was. But then fower voices,

passing well tuned and set togither, began to sing this song following :—

A Song.

"That sweetest harme I doe not blame,
First caused by thy fairest eies,
But greeue, bicause too late I came,
To know my fault, and to be wise.

"I neuer knew a worser kind of life,
To liue in feare, from boldnesse still to cease :
Nor, woorse than this, to liue in such a strife,
Whether of bothe to speake, or holde my peace.

"And so the harme I do not blame,
Caused by thee or thy faire eies ;
But that to see how late I came,
To know my fault and to be wise.

"I euer more did feare that I should knowe
Some secret things, and doubtfull in their kinde,
Because the surest things doe euer goe
Most contrarie vnto my wish and minde.

"And yet by knowing of the same
There is no hurt ; but it denies
My remedie, Since late I came,
To knowe my fault, and to be wise."

When this song was ended, they began to sound diuers sorts of instruments, and voices most excellently agreeing togither, and with such sweetnes

that they could not chuse but delight any very much who were not so farre from it as I. About dawning of the day the musicke ended, and I did what I could to espie out my Don Felix, but the darknes of the night was mine enimie therein. And seeing now that they were gone, I went to bed againe, where I bewailed my great mishap, knowing that he whom most of al I loued, had so vnwoorthily forgotten me, whereof his music was too manifest a witnes. And when it was time, I arose, and without any other consideration, went straight to the Princesse her pallace, where (I thought) I might see that which I so greatly desired, determining to call my selfe Valerius, if any (perhaps) did aske my name. Comming therefore to a faire broad court before the pallace gate, I viewed the windowes and galleries, where I sawe such store of blazing beauties, and gallant Ladies, that I am not able now to recount, nor then to do any more but woonder at their graces, their gorgeous attyre, their iewels, their braue fashions of apparell, and ornaments wherewith they were so richly set up. Vp and downe this place, before the windowes, roade many lords and braue gentlemen in rich and sumptuous habits, and mounted vpon proud Iennets, euery one casting his eie to that part where his

thoughts were secretly placed. God knowes how greatly I desired to see Don Felix there, and that his iniurious loue had beene in that famous pallace; bicause I might then haue beene assured that he should neuer haue got any other guerdon of his sutes and seruices, but onely to see and to be seene, and sometimes to speake to his Mistresse, whom he must serue before a thousand eies, bicause the priuilege of that place doth not giue him any further leave. But it was my ill fortune that he had settled his loue in that place where I might not be assured of this poore helpe. Thus, as I was standing neere to the pallace gate, I espied Fabius, Don Felix his page, comming in great haste to the pallace, where, speaking a word or two with a porter that kept the second entrie, he returned the same waie he came. I gessed his errant was, to knowe whether it were fit time for Don Felix to come to dispatch certaine busines that his father had in the court, and that he could not choose but come thither out of hand. And being in this supposed ioy which his sight did promise me, I sawe him comming along with a great traine of followers attending on his person, all of them being brauely apparelled in a liuerie of watchet silke, garded with yellow veluet, and stitched on

either side with threedes of twisted siluer, wearing likewise blew, yellow, and white feathers in their hats. But my Lorde Don Felix had on a paire of ash colour hose, embrodered and drawen foorth with watchet tissue; his dublet was of white saten, embrodered with knots of golde, and likewise an embrodered ierkin of the same coloured veluet; and his short cape cloke was of blacke veluet, edged with gold lace, and hung full of buttons of pearle and gold, and lined with razed watchet satten: by his side he ware, at a paire of embrodered hangers, a rapier and dagger, with engrauen hilts and pommell of beaten golde. On his head, a hat beset full of golden stars, in the mids of euerie which a rich orient pearle was enchased, and his feather was likewise blew, yellow, and white. Mounted he came vpon a faire dapple graie Iennet, with a rich furniture of blew, embrodered with golde and seede pearle. When I saw him in this rich equipage, I was so amazed at his sight, that how extremely my sences were rauished with sudden ioye I am not able (faire Nymphes) to tell you. Truth it is, that I could not but shed some teares for ioy and greefe, which his sight did make me feele, but, fearing to be noted by the standers by, for that time I dried them vp. But as Don Felix

(being now come to the pallace gate) was dismounted, and gone vp a paire of staires into the chamber of presence, I went to his men, where they were attending his returne; and seeing Fabius, whom I had seene before amongst them, I tooke him aside, and saide vnto him, My friend, I pray you tell me what Lord this is, which did but euen now alight from his Iennet, for (me thinkes) he is very like one whom I haue seene before in an other farre countrey. Fabius then answered me thus: Art thou such a nouice in the court that thou knowest not Don Felix? I tell thee there is not any Lord, knight, or gentleman better knowne in it than he. No doubt of that (saide I), but I will tell thee what a nouice I am, and how small a time I haue beene in the court, for yesterday was the first that euer I came to it. Naie then, I cannot blame thee (saide Fabius) if thou knowest him not. Knowe, then, that this gentleman is called Don Felix, borne in Vandalia, and hath his chiefest house in the antient cittie of Soldina, and is remaining in this court about certaine affaires of his fathers and his owne. But I pray you tell me (said I) why he giues his liueries of these colours? If the cause were not so manifest, I would conceale it (saide Fabius), but since there is not any that knowes it not, and canst

not come to any in this court who cannot tell thee the reason why, I thinke by telling thee it, I do no more then in courtesie I am bound to do. Thou must therefore vnderstand, that he loues and serues a Ladie heere in this citie named Celia, and therefore weares and giues for his liuerie an azure blew, which is the colour of the skie, and white and yellow, which are the colours of his Lady and mistresse. When I heard these words, imagine (faire Nymphes) in what a plight I was; but dissembling my mishap and griefe, I answered him: This ladie certes is greatly beholding to him, bicause he thinkes not enough, by wearing her colours, to shew how willing he is to serue her, vnlesse also he beare her name in his liuerie; whereupon I guesse she cannot but be very faire and amiable. She is no lesse, indeede (saide Fabius), although the other whom he loued and serued in our owne countrey in beautie farre excelled this, and loued and fauoured him more then ever this did. But this mischieuous absence doth violate and dissolue those thinges which men thinke to be most stronge and firme. At these wordes (faire Nymphes) was I faine to come to some composition with my teares, which, if I had not stopped from issuing foorth, Fabius could not haue chosen but suspected, by the alteration of my

countenance, that all was not well with me. And then the Page did aske me, what countreyman I was, my name, and of what calling and condition I was: whom I answered, that my countrey where I was borne was Vandalia, my name Valerius, and till that time serued no Master. Then by this reckoning (saide he) we are both countrey-men, and may be both fellowes in one house if thou wilt; for Don Felix my Master commanded me long since to seeke him out a Page. Therefore if thou wilt serue him, say so. As for meate, drinke, and apparell, and a couple of shillings to play away, thou shalt neuer want; besides pretie wenches, which are not daintie in our streete, as faire and amorous as Queens, of which there is not anie that will not die for the loue of so proper a youth as thou art. And to tell thee in secret (because, perhaps, we may be fellowes), I know where an old Cannons aaide is, a gallant fine girle, whom if thou canst but finde in thy hart to loue and serue as I do, thou shalt neuer want at her hands fine handkerchers, peeces of bacon, and now and then wine of S. Martyn. When I heard this, I could not choose but laugh, to see how naturally the vnhappy page played his part by depainting foorth their properties their liuely colours. And because I

thought nothing more commodious for my rest, and for the enioying of my desire, then to follow Fabius his counsel, I answered him, thus: In truth, I determined to serue none; but now, since fortune hath offered me so good a seruice, and at such a time, when I am constrained to take this course of life, I shall not do amisse if I frame myself to the seruice of some Lord or Gentleman in this Court, but especially of your Master, because he seemes to be a woorthy Gentleman, and such an one that makes more reckoning of his seruants then an other. Ha, thou knowest him not so well as I (said Fabius); for I promise thee, by the faith of a Gentleman (for I am one indeede, for my father comes of the Cachopines of Laredo), that my master Don Felix is the best natured gentleman that euer thou knewest in thy life, and one who vseth his pages better than any other. And were it not for those troublesome loues, which makes vs runne vp and downe more, and sleepe lesse, then we woulde, there were not such a master in the whole worlde againe. In the end (faire Nymphes) Fabius spake to his master, Don Felix, as soone as he was come foorth, in my behalfe, who commanded me the same night to come to him at his lodging. Thither I went, and

he entertained me for his Page, making the most of me in the worlde; where, being but a few daies with him, I sawe the messages, letters, and gifts that were brought and caried on both sides, greeuous wounds (alas! and corsiues to my dying hart), which made my soule to flie sometimes out of my body, and euery hower in hazard to leese my forced patience before euery one. But after one moneth was past, Don Felix began to like so well of me, that he disclosed his whole loue vnto me, from the beginning vnto the present estate and forwardnes that it was then in, committing the charge thereof to my secrecie and helpe; telling me that he was fauored of her at the beginning, and that afterwards she waxed wearie of her louing and accustomed entertainment, the cause whereof was a secret report (whosoeuer it was that buzzed it into her eares) of the loue that he did beare to a Lady in his owne countrey, and that his present loue vnto her was but to entertaine the time, while his business in the court were dispatched. And there is no doubt (saide Don Felix vnto me) but that, indeede, I did once commence that loue that she laies to my charge; but God knowes if now there be any thing in the world that I loue and esteeme more deere and precious then her. When I heard

him say so, you may imagine (faire Nymphes) what a mortall dagger pierced my wounded heart. But with dissembling the matter the best I coulde, I answered him thus: It were better, sir (me thinkes), that the Gentlewoman should complaine with cause, and that it were so indeed; for if the other Ladie, whom you serued before, did not deserue to be forgotten of you, you do her (vnder correction, my Lord) the greatest wrong in the world. The loue (said Don Felix againe) which I beare to my Celia will not let me vnderstand it so; but I haue done her (me thinkes) the greater iniurie, hauing placed my loue first in an other, and not in her. Of these wrongs (saide I to my selfe) I know who beares the woorst away. And (disloyall) he, pulling a letter out of his bosome, which he had received the same hower from his Mistresse, reade it vnto me, thinking he did me a great fauour thereby, the contents whereof were these:—

Celias letter to Don Felix.

Neuer any thing that I suspected, touching thy loue, hath been so farre from the truth, that hath not giuen me occasion to beleeue more often mine owne imagination then thy innocencie; wherein, if I do thee any wrong, referre it but to the censure

of thine owne follie. For well thou mightest haue denied, or not declared thy passed loue, without giuing me occasion to condemne thee by thine owne confession. Thou saiest I was the cause that made thee forget thy former loue. Comfort thy selfe, for there shall not want another to make thee forget thy second. And assure thy selfe of this (Lord Don Felix) that there is not any thing more vnbeseeming a Gentleman, then to finde an occasion in a Gentlewoman to leese himselfe for her loue. I will saie no more, but that in an ill, where there is no remedie, the best is not to seeke out any.

After he had made an end of reading the letter, he said vnto me, What thinkest thou, Valerius, of these words? With pardon be it spoken, my lord; That your deedes are shewed by them. Go to, said Don Felix, and speake no more of that. Sir, saide I, they must like me wel, if they like you, because none can iudge better of their words that loue well then they themselues. But that which I thinke of the letter is, that this Gentlewoman would haue beene the first, and that Fortune had entreated her in such sort, that all others might haue enuied her estate. But what wouldest thou counsell me? said Don Felix. If thy griefe doth suffer any counsell,

saide I, that thy thoughts be diuided into this second passion, since there is so much due to the first. Don Felix answered me againe, sighing, and knocking me gently on the shoulder, saying, How wise art thou, Valerius, and what good counsell thou dost giue me if I could follow it. Let vs now go in to dinner, for when I haue dined, I will have thee carie me a letter to my Lady Celia, and then thou shalt see if any other loue is not woorthy to be forgotten in lieu of thinking onely of her. These were wordes that greeued Felismena to the hart, but bicause she had him before her eies, whom she loued more than her-selfe, the content, that she had by onely seeing him, was a sufficient remedie of the paine, that the greatest of these stings did make her feele. After Don Felix had dined, he called me vnto him, and giuing me a speciall charge what I should do (because he had imparted his griefe vnto me, and put his hope and remedie in my hands) he willed me to carie a letter to Celia, which he had alreadie written, and, reading it first vnto me, it said thus—

Don Felix his letter to Celia.

The thought, that seekes an occasion to forget the thing which it doth loue and desire, suffers

it selfe so easily to be knowne, that (without troubling the minde much) it may be quickly discerned. And thinke not (Faire Ladie) that I seeke a remedie to excuse you of that, wherewith it pleased you to vse me, since I neuer came to be so much in credit with you, that in lesser things I woulde do it. I have confessed vnto you that indeede I once loued well, because that true loue, without dissimulation, doth not suffer any thing to be hid, and you (deare Ladie) make that an occasion to forget me, which should be rather a motiue to loue me better. I cannot perswade me, that you make so small an account of your selfe, to thinke that I can forget you for any thing that is, or hath euer been, but rather imagine that you write cleane contrarie to that, which you have tried by my zealous loue and faith towards you. Touching all those things, that, in preiudice of my good will towards you, it pleaseth you to imagine, my innocent thoughts assure me to the contrarie, which shall suffice to be ill recompenced being so ill thought of as they are.

After Don Felix had read this letter vnto me, he asked me if the answer was correspondent to those words that his Ladie Celia had sent him in

hers, and if there was any thing therein that might be amended ; whereunto I answered thus : I thinke, Sir, it is needlesse to amende this letter, or to make the Gentlewoman amendes, to whom it is sent, but her, whom you do iniure so much with it. Which vnder your Lordships pardon I speake, bicause I am so much affected to the first loue in all my life, that there is not any thing that can make me alter my minde. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world (said Don Felix) if I coulde perswade my selfe to leaue of that, which I haue begun. But what wilt thou haue me do, since absence hath frozen the former loue, and the continuall presence of a peerlesse beautie rekindled another and more feruent within me? Thus may she thinke her selfe (saide I againe) vniustly deceiued, whom first you loued, because that loue which is subiect to the power of absence cannot be termed loue, and none can perswade me that it hath beene loue. These words did I dissemble the best I could, because I felt so sensible griefe, to see myselfe forgotten of him, who had so great reason to loue me, and whom I did loue so much, that I did more, then any would have thought, to make my selfe still unknowen. But taking the letter and mine errant with me, I went to Celias

house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse loue had brought me ; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intercessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content. But comming to Celias house, and finding a page standing at the dore, I asked him if I might speake with his Ladie : who being informed of me from whence I came, tolde Celia how I would speake with her, commending therewithall my beautie and person vnto her, and telling her besides, that Don Felix had but lately entertained me into his seruice ; which made Celia saie vnto him, What, Don Felix so soone disclose his secret loues to a page, but newly entertained ? he hath (belike) some great occasion that mooues him to do it. Bid him com in, and let us know what he would haue. In I came, and to the place where the enimie of my life was, and, with great reuerence kissing her hands, I deliuered Don Felix his letter vnto her. Celia tooke it, and casting her eies vpon me, I might perceiue how my sight had made a sudden alteration in her countenance, for she was so farre besides herselfe, that for a good while she was not able to speake a worde, but, remembring her selfe at last, she saide vnto me, What good fortune hath beene so fauourable

to Don Felix to bring thee to this Court, to make thee his Page? Euen that, faire Ladie, saide I, which is better then euer I imagined, bicause it hath beene an occasion to make me behold such singular beautie and perfections as now I see cleerely before mine eies. And if the paines, the teares, the sighes, and the continuall disquiets that my lord Don Felix hath suffred haue greeued me heeretofore, now that I haue seene the source from whence they flow, and the cause of all his ill, the pittie that I had on him is now wholly conuerted into a certaine kinde of enuie. But if it be true (faire Lady) that my comming is welcome vnto you, I beseech you by that, which you owe to the great loue which he beares you, that your answer may import no lesse vnto him. There is not anie thing (saide Celia) that I would not do for thee, though I were determined not to loue him at all, who for my sake hath forsaken another. For it is no small point of wisedome for me to learne by other womens harmes to be more wise, and warie in mine owne. Beleeue not, good Lady (saide I), that there is any thing in the worlde that can make Don Felix forget you. And if he hath cast off another for your sake, woonder not thereat, when your beautie and wisedome is so great, and the

others so small that there is no reason to thinke that he will (though he hath woorthelie forsaken her for your sake) or euer can forget you for any woman else in the worlde. Doest thou then know Felismena (saide Celia), the lady whom thy Master did once loue and serue in his owne countrey? I know her (saide I), although not so well as it was needfull for me to haue preuented so many mishaps (and this I spake softly to my selfe). For my fathers house was neere to hers; but seeing your great beautie adorned with such perfectiones and wisdome, Don Felix can not be blamed, if he hath forgotten his loue only to embrace and honour yours. To this did Celia answer, merily and smiling, Thou hast learned quickly of thy Master to sooth. Not so, faire Ladie, saide I, but to serue you woulde I faine learne: for flatterie cannot be, where (in the iudgement of all) there are so manifest signes and proofes of this due commendation. Celia began in good earnest to ask me what manner of woman Felismena was, whom I answered, that, touching her beautie, some thought her to be very faire; but I was neuer of that opinion, bicause she hath many daies since wanted the chiefest thing that is requisite for it. What is that? said Celia. Content of minde, saide I, bicause perfect beautie

can neuer be, where the same is not adioyned to it. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world, saide she, but I haue seene some ladies whose liuely hewe sadnes hath not one whit abated, and others whose beautie anger hath encreased, which is a strange thing me thinkes. Haplesse is that beauty, saide I, that hath sorrow and anger the preseruers and mistresses of it, but I cannot skill of these impertinent things: And yet that woman, that must needes be molested with continuall paine and trouble, with greefe and care of minde and with other passions to make her looke well, cannot be reckoned among the number of faire women, and for mine owne part I do not account her so. Wherein thou hast great reason, saide she, as in all things else that thou hast saide, thou hast showed thy selfe wise and discreete. Which I haue deerely bought, saide I againe: But I beseech you (gracious Lady) to answer this letter, because my Lord Don Felix may also haue some contentment, by receiuing this first well emploied seruice at my hands. I am content, saide Celia, but first thou must tell me if Felismena in matters of discretion be wise, and well aduised? There was neuer any woman (saide I againe) more wise than she, bicause she hath beene long since beaten to it by her great

mishaps: but she did neuer aduise her selfe well, for if she had (as she was accounted wise) she had neuer come to haue bene so contrarie to her selfe. Thou speakest so wisely in all thy answeres, saide Celia, that there is not any that woulde not take great delight to heare them: which are not uiands (saide I) for such a daintie taste, nor reasons for so ingenious and fine a conceit (faire lady), as you haue, but boldly affirming, that by the same I meane no harme at all. There is not any thing, saide Celia, whereunto thy wit cannot attaine, but because thou shalt not spende thy time so ill in praising me, as my Master doth in praying me, I will reade thy letter, and tell thee what thou shalt say vnto him from me. Whereupon vnfolding it, she began to read it to her selfe, to whose countenance and gestures in reading of the same, which are oftentimes outwarde signes of the inwarde disposition and meaning of the hart, I gaue a watchfull eie. And when she had read it, she said vnto me, Tell thy Master, that he that can so well by wordes expresse what he meanes, cannot choose but meane as well as he saith: and comming neerer unto me, she said softly in mine eare, And this for the loue of thee, Valerius, and not for much for Don Felix thy master his sake, for I see how much thou

lovest and tenderest his estate. And from thence alas (saide I to my selfe), did all my woes arise. Whereupon kissing her hands for the great curtesie and fauour she shewed me, I hied me to Don Felix with this answer, which was no small ioy to him to heare it, and another death to me to report it, saying manie times to my selfe (when I did either bring him home some ioyfull tydings or carrie letters or tokens to her), O thrise vnfortunate Felismena, that with thine owne weapons art constrained to wounde thy ever-dying hart, and to heape vp fauours for him, who made so small account of thine. And so did I passe away my life with so many torments of minde, that if by the sight of my Don Felix they had not beene tempered, it could not haue otherwise beene but that I must needes haue lost it. More then two monethes togither did Celia hide from me the feruent loue she bare me, although not in such sort, but that by certaine apparant signes I came to the knowledge thereof, which was no small lighting and ease of that griefe, which incessantly haunted my wearied spirites; for as I thought it a strong occasion, and the onely meane to make her vtterly forget Don Felix, so likewise I imagined, that, perhaps, it might befall to him as it hath done to many, that

the force of ingratitude and contempt of his loue, might haue vtterly abolished such thoughtes out of his hart. But, alas, it happened not so to my Don Felix; for the more he perceiued that his ladie forgot him, the more was his minde troubled with greater cares and greefe, which made him leade the most sorrowfull life that might be, whereof the least part did not fall to my lot. For remedie of whose sighes and pitious lamentations, poore Felismena (euen by maine force) did get fauours from Celia, scoring them up (whensoever she sent them by me) in the catalogue of my infinite mishaps. For if by chaunce he sent her anie thing by any of his other seruants, it was so slenderly accepted, that he thought it best to send none vnto her but my selfe, perceiuing what inconuenience did ensue thereof. But God knowes how many teares my messages cost me, and so many they were, that in Celias presence I ceased not to powre them foorth, earnestly beseeching her with praiers and petitions not to entreat him so ill, who loued her so much, bicause I would binde Don Felix to me by the greatest bonde, as neuer man in like was bounde to any woman. My teares greeued Celia to the hart, as well for that I shed them in her presence, as also for that she sawe if I meant to loue her, I

woulde not (for requitall of hers to me) haue sollicited her with such diligence, nor pleaded with such pittie, to get fauours for another. And thus I liued in the greatest confusion that might be, amids a thousand anxieties of minde, for I imagined with my selfe, that if I made not a shew that I loued her, as she did me, I did put it in hazard lest Celia, for despite of my simplicitie or contempt, woulde haue loued Don Felix more then before, and by louing him that mine could not haue any good successe; and if I fained my selfe, on the other side, to be in loue with her, it might haue beene an occasion to haue made her reiect my Lord Don Felix; so that with the thought of his loue neglected, and with the force of her contempt, he might haue lost his content, and after that, his life, the least of which two mischiefes to preuent I would haue giuen a thousand liues, if I had them. Manie daies passed away in this sort, wherein I serued him as a thirde betweene both, to the great cost of my contentment, at the end whereof the successe of his loue went on woorse and woorse, bicause the Loue that Celia did beare me was so great, that the extreme force of her passion made her loose some part of that compassion she should haue had of her selfe. And on a day after that

I had caried and recaried many messages and tokens betweene them, sometimes faining some my selfe from her vnto him, bicause I could not see him (whom I loued so deerely) so sad and pensiue, with many supplications and earnest praiers I besought lady Celia with pittie to regard the painfull life that Don Felix passed for her sake, and to consider that by not fauouring him, she was repugnant to that which she owed to her selfe: which thing I entreated, bicause I saw him in such a case, that there was no other thing to be expected of him but death, by reason of the continuall and great paine which his greeuous thoughts made him feele. But she with swelling teares in her eies, and with many sighes, answered me thus: Vnfortunate and accursed Celia, that nowe in the end dost know how thou liuest deceiued with a false opinion of thy great simplicitie (vngratefull Valerius) and of thy small discretion. I did not beleeue till now that thou didst craue fauours of me for thy Master, but onely for thy selfe, and to enioy my sight all that time, that thou diddest spende in suing to me for them. But now I see thou dost aske them in earnest, and that thou art so content to see me vse him well, that thou canst not (without doubt) loue me at all. O how ill dost thou acquite the loue I beare thee, and

that which, for thy sake, I do nowe forsake! O that time might reuenge me of thy proude and foolish minde, since loue hath not beene the meanes to do it. For I cannot thinke that Fortune will be so contrarie vnto me, but that she will punish thee for contemning that great good which she meant to bestow on thee. And tell thy Lord Don Felix, that if he will see me aliue, that he see me not at all: And thou, vile traitour, cruell enemie to my rest, com no more (I charge thee) before these wearied eies, since their teares were neuer of force to make thee knowe how much thou art bound vnto them. And with this she suddenly flang out of my sight with so many teares, that mine were not of force to staie her. For in the greatest haste in the worlde she got into her chamber, where, locking the dore after her, it auailed me not to call and crie unto her, requesting her with amorous and sweete words to open me the dore, and to take such satisfaction on me as it pleased her: nor to tell her many other things, whereby I declared vnto her the small reason she had to be so angrie with me, and to shut me out. But with a strange kinde of furie she saide vnto me, Come no more, vngratefull and proud Valerius, in my sight, and speake no more unto me, for thou art not able to

make satisfaction for such great disdaine, and I will haue no other remedie for the harme which thou hast done me, but death it selfe, the which with mine owne hands I will take in satisfaction of that, which thou deseruest: which words when I heard, I staied no longer, but with a heauie cheere came to my Don Felix his lodging, and, with more sadnes then I was able to dissemble, tolde him that I could not speake with Celia, because she was visited of certaine Gentlewomen her kinsewomen. But the next day in the morning it was bruted ouer all the citie, that a certaine trance had taken her that night, wherein she gaue vp the ghost, which stroke all the court with no small woonder. But that, which Don Felix felt by her sudden death, and how neere it greeued his very soule, as I am not able to tell, so cannot humane intendement conceiue it, for the complaints he made, the teares, the burning sighes, and hart-breake sobbes, were without all measure and number. But I saie nothing of my selfe, when on the one side the vnlucky death of Celia touched my soule very neere, the teares of Don Felix on the other did cut my hart in two with greefe: and yet this was nothing to that intollerable paine which afterwards I felt. For Don Felix heard no sooner

of her death, but the same night he was missing in his house, that none of his seruants nor any bodie else could tell any newes of him.

Whereupon you may perceiue (faire Nymphes) what cruell tormentes I did then feele : then did I wish a thousand times for death to preuent all these woes and mysteries, which afterwards befell vnto me : for Fortune (it seemed) was but wearie of those which she had but till then giuen me. But as all the care and diligence which I emploied in seeking out my Don Felix was but in vaine, so I resolued with my selfe to take this habite vpon me as you see, wherein it is more then two yeeres since I haue wandered vp and downe, seeking him in manie countryes : but my Fortune hath denied me to finde him out, although I am not a little now bounde vnto her by conducting me hither at this time, wherein I did you this small piece of seruice. Which (faire Nymphes) beleeue me, I account (next after his life in whom I haue put all my hope) the greatest content that might haue fallen vnto me.

The Shepherdesse hauing made an ende of her sharpe answer, and Felismena beginning to arbitrate the matter between them; they heard a

great noise in the other side of the meadow, like to the sounde of blowes, and smiting of swordes vpon harneies, as if some armed men had fought together, so that all of them with great haste ranne to the place, where they heard the noise, to see what the matter was. And being come somewhat neere, they saw in a little Iland (which the riuer with a round turning had made), three knights fighting against one. And although he defended himselfe valiantly, by shewing his approued strength and courage, yet the three knights gaue him so much to do, that he was faine to helpe himselfe by all the force and pollicie he could. They fought on foote, for their horses were tied to little trees, that grew thereabouts. And now by this time, the knight that fought all alone and defended himselfe, had laide one of them at his feete with a blowe of his good sword, which ended his life. But the other two that were very strong and valiant, redoubled their force and blowes so thick on him, that he looked for no other thing then death. The Shepherdesse Felismena seeing the knight in so great danger, and if she did not speedily helpe him, that he could not escape with life, was not afraide to put hers in ieopardy, by doing that, which in such a case she thought,

she was bound to performe : wherefore putting a sharpe headed arrowe into her bowe, shee saide vnto them : Keepe out knights, for it is not beseeming men that make account of this name and honour, to take aduantage of their enimies with so great oddes. And ayming at the sight of one of their helmets, she burst it with such force, that the arrow running into his eies, came out of the other side of his head, so that he fell downe dead to the ground. When the distressed knight sawe two of his enimies dead, he ran vpon the third with such force, as if he had but then begun the combat; but Felismena helped him out of that trouble, by putting another arrow into her bow, the which transpiercing his armour, she left vnder his left pap, and so iustly smote his heart, that this knight also followed his two companions. When the Shepherds and the knight beheld what Felismena had done, and how at two shootes she had killed two such valiant knights, they were all in great wonder. The knight therefore taking off his helmet, and comming unto her saide, How am I able (faire Shepherdesse) to requite so great a benefite, and good turne, as I have received at thy hands this day, but by acknowledging this debt for euer in my gratefull minde. When Felismena beheld the

knights face, and knew him, her sences were so troubled, that being in such a traunce she could scarce speake, but comming to herselfe againe, she answered him, Ah my Don Felix, this is not the first debt, wherein thou art bound vnto me. And I cannot beleeue, that thou wilt acknowledge this (as thou saiest) no more then thou hast done greater then this before. Beholde to what a time and ende my fortune and thy forgetnesse hath brought me, that she that was woont to be serued of thee in the citie with Tilt and Tourneyes, and honoured with many other things, whereby thou didst deceiue me (or I suffered my selfe to be deceiued) doth nowe wander vppe and downe, exiled from her natiue countrey and libertie, for vsing thus thine owne. If this brings thee not into the knowledge of that which thou owest me, remember how one whole yeere I serued thee as thy page in the Princesse Cesarinas Court: and how I was a solicitor against my selfe, without discouering my selfe, or my thoughts vnto thee, but onley to procure thy remedie, and to helpe the greefe, which thine made thee feele. How many times did I get thee fauours from thy mistresse Celia to the great cost of my teares and greefes: all which account but small Don Felix

in respect of those dangers (had they beene vnsufficient) wherein I would haue spent my life for redresse of thy paines, which thy iniurious loue affoorded thee. And vnlesse thou art weary of the great loue that I haue borne thee, consider and weigh with thy selfe the strange effects, which the force of loue hath caused me to passe. I went out of my natiue countrey, and came to serue thee, to lament the ill that thou did'st suffer, to take vpon me the iniuries and disgraces that I receiued therein; and to giue thee any content, I cared not to lead the most bitter and painefull life that euer woman liued. In the habite of a tender and daintie Ladie I loued thee more then thou canst imagine, and in the habite of a base page I serued thee (a thing more contrarie to my rest and reputation then I meane now to reherse), and yet now in the habite of a poore and simple Shepherdesse I came to do thee this small seruice. What remaines then more for me to doe, but to sacrifice my life to thy louelesse soule, if with the same yet, I could giue thee more content: and if in lieu therof thou wouldest but remember, how much I haue loued, & do yet loue thee: here hast thou thy sword in thy hand; let none therefore but thy selfe reuenge the offence that I haue done

thee. When the Knight heard Felismenas words, and knew them all to be as true as he was disloyall, his hart by this strange & sudden accident recouered some force againe to see what great iniurie he had done her, so that the thought thereof, and the plenteous effusion of blood that issued out of his woundes, made him like a dead man fall downe in a swoune at faire Felismenas feete. Who with great care, and no lesse feare, laying his head in her lap, with showers of teares that rained from her eies, vpon the Knights pale visage, began thus to lament. What meanes this cruell Fortune? Is the periode of my life come iust with the last ende of my Don Felix his daies? Ah my Don Felix (the cause of all my paine) if the plenteous teares, which for thy sake I haue shed, are not sufficient: and these which I now distill vpon thy louely cheekes, too fewe to make thee come to thy selfe againe, what remedie shall this miserable soule haue to preuent, that this bitter ioy by seeing thee, turne not into occasion of vtter despaire. Ah my Don Felix, Awake my loue, if thou dost but sleepe, or beest in a traunce, although I would not woonder if thou dost not, since neuer any thing that I could do, preuailed with thee to frame my least content. And in

these and other lamentations was faire Felismena plunged, whom the Portugall Shepherdesses with their teares and poore supplies, endeuored to incourage, when on the sudden they saw a faire Nymph comming ouer the stony causey that lead the way into the Ilande, with a golden bottel in one hand, & a siluer one in the other, whom Felismena knowing by and by, saide vnto her, Ah Doria, could any come at this time to succour me, but thou faire Nymph? Come hither then, & thou shalt see the cause of al my troubles, the substance of my sighs, & the obiect of my thoughts, lying in the greatest danger of death that may be. In like occurrents (saide Dora) vertue and a good hart must take place. Recall it then (faire Felismena) and reuiue thy daunted spirits, trouble not thy selfe any more, for nowe is the ende of thy sorrowes and the beginning of thy contentment come. And speaking these wordes, she besprinkled his face with a certaine odoriferous water which she brought in the siluer bottle, whereby he came to his memorie againe, and then saide vnto him, If thou wilt recouer thy life, Sir Knight, and giue it her that hath passed such an ill one for thy sake, drinke of the water in this bottle: The which Don Felix taking in his hande, drunke

a good draught, and resting vpon it a little, founde himselfe so whole of his wounds, which the three knights had giuen him, and of that, which the loue of Celia had made in his brest, that now he felt the paine no more, which either of them had caused in him, then if he had neuer had them. And in this sort he began to rekindle the old loue, that he bare to Felismena, the which (he thought) was neuer more zealous then now. Whereupon sitting downe vpon the greene grasse, hee tooke his Lady and Shepherdesse by the hands, and kissing them manie time saide thus vnto her. How small account would I make of my life (my deerest Felismena) for cancelling that great bond, wherein (with more then life) I am for euer bound vnto thee: for since I enioy it by thy meanes, I thinke it no more then right, to restore thee that which is thine owne. With what eies can I behold thy peerelesse beautie, which (though vnaduisedly) I knew not to be such, yet how dare I (for that which I owe thee) cast them in any other part? What wordes are sufficient to excuse the faults, that I haue committed against thy faith, and firmest loue, and loyaltie? Wretched and accursed for euer shall I be, if thy condition and clemencie be not enclined to my fauour and pardon: for no

satisfaction can suffice for so great an offence, nor reason to excuse me for that, which thou hast to forget me. Truth it is, that I loued Celia well, and forgot thee, but not in such sort that thy wisedome and beautie did euer slide out of my minde. And the best is, that I knowe not wherein to put this fault, that may be so iustly attributed to me; for if I will impute it to the yoong age that I was then in, since I had it to loue thee, I shoulde not haue wanted it to haue beene firme in the faith that I owed thee. If to Celias beautie, it is cleere, that thine did farre excell hers and all the worlds besides. If to the change of time, this shoulde haue beene the touchstone which should haue shewed the force and vertue of my firmenes. If to iniurious and trayterous absence, it serues as little for my excuse, since the desire of seeing thee should not haue been absent from supporting thy image in my memorie. Behold then Felismena, what assured trust I put in thy goodnes, that (without any other meanes) I dare put before thee, the small reason thou hast to pardone me. But what shall I doe to purchase pardon at thy gracious hands, or after thou hast pardoned me, to beleeue, that thou art satisfied: for one thing greeves me more then any thing else in the world, and this it is. That, though the loue

which thou hast borne me, and wherewith thou dost yet blesse me, is an occasion (perhaps) to make thee forgiue me, and forget so many faults: yet I shal neuer lift vp mine eies to behold thee, but that euerie iniurie, which I have done thee, will be worse than a mortal incision in my guiltie hart. The Shepherdesse Felismena, who saw Don Felix so penitent for his passed misdeedes, and so affectionately returned to his first thoughts, with many teares told him, that she did pardon him, bicause the loue, that she had euer borne him, would suffer her to do no lesse: which if she had not thought to do, she would neuer haue taken so great paines and so many wearie iourneyes to seeke him out, and many other things, wherewith Don Felix was confirmed in his former loue. Whereupon the faire Nymph Doria came then to the Knight, and after many louing words and courteous offers in the Ladie Felicias behalfe passed betweene them, she requested him and faire Felismena to goe with her to Dianas Temple, where the sage Ladie (with great desire to see them) was attending their comming. Don Felix agreed thereunto, and taking their leaue of the Portugall Shepherdesses (who wondered not a little to see what had happened) and of the woefull Shepherd Danteus, mounting

vpon the horses of the dead Knights that were slaine in the late combate, they went on their waie. And as they were going, Felismena told Don Felix with great ioy, what she had past since she had last seene him, which made him to marvell verie much, and especially at the death of the three Sauages, and at the Palace of the sage Ladie Felicia, and successe of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and at euerie thing else contained in this booke. And Don Felix wondred not a little to vnderstand how his Ladie Felismena had serued him so many daies as his page, and that he was so far gon out of his wits and memorie, that he knew her not all that while. And his ioy on the other side, to see that his Ladie loued him so well, was so great, that by no meanes he could hide it. Thus therefore riding on their way, they came to Dianas Temple, where the sage Felicia was looking for their comming: and likewise the Shepherd Arsileus, and Belisa, Syluanus, and Seluagia, who were now come thither not many daies before. They were welcomed on euerie side, and with great ioy intertained; but faire Felismena especially, who for hir rare vertues and singular beautie was greatly honored of them all. There they were all married

with great ioy, feasts, and triumphes, which were made by all the goodly Nymphes, and by the sage and noble Ladie Felicia ; the which Syrenus with his comming augmented not a little.

A TALE FROM SIDNEY'S "ARCADIA."

Sir Philip Sidney wrote his "Arcadia" for the pleasure of his sister, the Countess of Pembroke. It was not written for publication, and upon his death-bed he asked a friend to collect all the leaves of the MS. and burn them. His sister, no doubt, interfered after his death for their preservation. He had dedicated the work to her, saying to her, "You desired me to do it, and your desire to my heart is an absolute commandment. For severer eyes it is not; being but a trifle, and that triflingly handled." It was written in the years 1580 and 1581. Sidney received his death-wound before Zutphen in 1586, and the "Arcadia" was first published in 1590. The force and simplicity of Sidney's character are shown in the style of his "Apologie for Poetrie," for which he did wish many readers. The euphuistic style that was the fashion of the day has no more place in that work than it has in the poems by which Spenser wished to be remembered. Spenser amused himself by writing euphuistic pieces, which, though there were nine comedies among them, he kept from the press.

Sidney amused his sister by following the fashion for her pleasure, and in so doing set a fashion; for his "Arcadia" stands in the literature of Europe first in a series of heroic pastoral romances, especially developed in France, that formed a main part of the light reading of two generations of idlers. Sidney joined to the Spanish and Italian pastoral, of prose mixed with verse, a wealth of adventure planned after the fashion of the Spanish romances of chivalry. There was an influence upon him also from the old Greek Romance of the loves of Theagenes and Chariclea—the Æthiopica, written in the fourth century by Heliodorus, afterwards Bishop of Tricca, in Thessaly. It had been recently translated into English by Thomas Underdown, and was specially praised by Sidney in his "Apologie for Poetrie."

Sidney's story is of two cousins and close friends, Musidorus, Prince of Thessaly; and Pyrocles, Prince of Macedon. When young men upon their travels together, they were parted by shipwreck. Musidorus, cast on the Laconian shore, was rescued and taken to the house of the noble Kalander, in Arcadia, where he spoke of himself as Palladius and of his lost friend as Daiphantus. After a time Kalander learned that his son Clitophon had been

taken prisoner by the Helots, in Laconia. Musidorus gathered an Arcadian army for his rescue, and found Pyrocles in the marvellously brave captain of the Helots. Clitophon was released, and the two friends, now re-united, presently resolved to make their way to the two daughters of Basilius, King of Arcadia. He and his wife Gynecia had carried them into a forest, and there shut them up in two lodges. In one of the lodges the king and queen themselves lived, and kept watch over their daughter Philoclea; their other daughter, Pamela, was in the other lodge, under care of a clown and his ugly wife, Dametas and Miso, who had a more unpleasant daughter, Mopsa. Pyrocles dressed himself as an Amazon, and called himself Zelmane, so he found his way to the lodge of Philoclea, to whom he gave his heart. Here he was courted by Basilius, who took him for a woman, and by Gynecia, who took him for a man, while he with difficulty made his suit to Philoclea, who took him for first one and then the other. Musidorus obtained access to the other lodge as a shepherd, Dorus, and, that he might remain near Pamela, professed affection for her keeper Mopsa. This is only the beginning of entanglements. Notes of war sound, episodes abound, and among

the episodes is one that may suffice to show the manner of the book. Pyrocles, as captain of the Helots, may not have suggested to Shakespeare the adventure of Valentine among the outlaws, yet certainly we owe to the episode now quoted his fine interweaving of the story of Gloster and his sons, an addition of highest value to the artistic working out of the design of his *King Lear*.

It was in the kingdome of *Galatia*, the season being (as in the depth of Winter) very cold, and as then sodainly grown to so extreme and foul a storm, that never any winter (I think) brought forth a fouler childe: so that the Princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seek som shrouding place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their shield against the tempests fury. And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopie, held a strange and pitiful disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort as they might see unseen. There they perceived an aged man, and a young, scarcely com to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten; the old man blinde, the young man leading him: and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kinde of nobleness, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard, were these of the old man. Wel *Leonatus* (said hee) since I cannot perswade thee to lead mee to that which should end my grief, and my trouble,

let mee now intreat thee to leav mee : fear not, my misery cannot bee greater than it is, and nothing doth becom me but misery : fear not the danger of my blinde steps, I cannot fall wors, than I am : and do not I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedness : but flie, flie from this region onely worthy of mee. Dear father (answered hee) do not take away from mee the onely remnant of my happiness : while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miserable. Ah my son (said hee, and with that hee groned, as if sorrow strave to break his heart) how evill fits it mee to have such a son, and how much doth thy kindness upbraid my wickedness ! These dolefull specches, and som others to like purpose (well showing they had not been born to the fortune they were in) moved the Princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were? Sirs (answered hee with a good grace, and made the more agreeable by a certain noble kinde of pitiousness) I see well you are strangers, that know not our miserie, so well here known, that no man dare know, but that wee must bee miserable. Indeed our state is such, as though nothing is so needfull unto us as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us, than to make our selvs so known as may stir pitie : but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not ouer-run hate : and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear.

This old man (whom I lead) was lately rightfull Prince of this countrie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not onely of his kingdom (whereof no forrain forces were ever able to spoil him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature

grant's to the poorest creatures: whereby, and by other his unnatural dealings, hee hath been driven to such grief, as even now hee would have had mee to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death: and so would have made mee, who received my life of him, to bee the worker of his destruction. But noble Gentlemen, said hee, if either of you have a father and feel what dutifull affection is ingrafted in a son's heart, let mee intreat you to convey this afflicted Prince to som place of rest and security: amongst your worthy acts it shall bee none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

But before they could make him answer, his father began to speak. Ah my son, said hee, how evil an historian are you, that leav out the chief knot of all the discours? my wickedness, my wickedness! and if thou doest it to spare my ears (the onely sens now left mee proper for knowledg) assure thyself thou doest mistake mee: and I take witness of that Sun which you see (with that hee cast up his blinde eyes, as if hee would hunt for light) and wish my self in wors case that I do wish my self, which is as evill as may bee, if I speak untruly, that nothing is so welcom to my thoughts as the publishing of my shame. Therefore know you Gentlemen (to whom from my heart I wish that it may not prove som ominous foretoken of misfortune to have met with such a miser as I am) that whatsoëver my son (ô God, that truth bind's me to reproch him with the name of my son) hath said is true. But beside those truths, this also is true, that having had, in lawfull marriage, of a mother fit to bear

royal children. this son (such a one as partly you see, and better shall know by my short declaration) and so enjoyed the expectations in the world of him, till hee was grown to justifie their expectations (so as I needed envie no father for the chief comfort of mortalitie, to leav another ones-self after mee) I was carried by a bastard son of mine (if at least I bee bound to believ the words of that base woman my concubine, his mother) first to mislike, then to hate, lastly to destroy, or to do my best to destroy this son (I think you think) undeserving destruction. What ways shee used to bring mee to it, if I should tell you, I should tediously trouble you with as much poysonous hypocrisie, desperate fraud, smooth malice, hidden ambition, and smiling envie, as in any living person could bee harboured : but I list it not ; no remembrance of naughtiness delight's mee but mine own ; and mee think's, the accusing his traps might in som manner excuse my fault, which certainly I lothe to do. But the conclusion is, that I gave order to som servants of mine, whom I thought as apt for such charities as my self, to lead him out into a forrest, and there to kill him.

But those thievs (better natured to my son than my self) spared his life, letting him go to learn to live poorly : which hee did, giving himself to bee a private souldier in a country here by : but as hee was ready to bee greatly advanced for som noble pieces of service which hee did, hee heard newes of mee : who (drunk in my affection to that unlawful and unnatural son of mine) suffered my self so to bee governed by him, that all favors and punishments passed by him, all offices and places of importance distributed to his favorites ; so that ere

I was aware, I had left my self nothing but the name of a King! which hee shortly weary of too, with many indignities (if any thing may bee called an indignity, which was laid upon mee) threw me out of my Sea, and put out my eyes, and then (proud in his tyranny) let mee go, neither imprisoning, nor killing mee; but rather delighting to make mee feel miserie; miserie indeed, if ever there were any; full of wretchedness, fuller of disgrace, and fullest of guiltiness. And as hee came to the crown by so unjust means, as unjustly he keep it, by force of stranger souldiers in *Cittadels*, the neasts of tyrannie and murtherers of libertie; disarming all his own country men, that no man durst shew himself a well-willer of mine: to say the truth (I think) few of them being so (considering my cruel folly to my good son, and foolish kindness to my onkinde bastard :) but if there were any who felt a pitie of so great a fall, and had yet any sparks of unslain duty left in them towards me; yet durst they not shew it, scarcely with giving me alms at their doors; which yet was the onely sustenance of my distressed life, no bodie daring to show so much charitie, as to lend mee a hand to guide my dark steps: till this son of mine (God knowe's, worthie of a more virtuous, and more fortunate father) forgetting my abominable wrongs, not reckoning danger, and neglecting the present good waie hee was in of doing himself good, came hither to do this kinde office you see him perform towards mee, to my unspeakable grief; not onely becaus his kindness is a glass even to my blinde eyes of my naughtiness, but that above all griefs, it grive's me hee should desperately adventure the loss of

his well-deserving life for mine, that yet ow more to Fortune for my deserts, as if he would carry mud in a chest of Chrystal: for well I know, hee that now raigneth, how much soëver (and with good reason) hee despiseth mee, of all men despised; yet hee will not let slip any advantage to make away him, whose just title (ennobled by courage and goodness) may one day shake the seat of a never-secure tyrannie. And for this caus I craved of him to lead mee to the top of this rock, indeed I must confess, with meaning to free him from so serpentine a companion as I am. But hee finding what I purposed, onely therein since hee was born, shewed himself disobedient unto mee. And now Gentlemen, you have the true story, which I praie you publish to the world, that my mischievous proceedings may be the glory of his filial pietie, the onely reward now left for so great a merit. And if it may bee. let me obtain that of you, which my son denie's mee · for never was there more pitie in saving any, than in ending mee; both becaus therein my agonie shall end, and so you shall preserv this excellent yong man, who els wilfully followe's his own ruine.

The matter in it self lamentable, lamentably expressed by the old Prince (which needed not to take to himself the gestures of pitie, since his face could not put off the marks thereof) greatly moved the two Princes to compassion, which could not stay in such hearts as theirs without seeking remedie. But by and by the occasion was presented: for *Plexirtus* (so was the bastard called) came thither with fortie hors, onely of purpose to murder his brother, of whose coming hee had soon advertisement

and thought no eyes of sufficient credit in such a matter, but his own, and therefore came himself to bee actor, and spectator. And as soon as hee came, not regarding the weak (as hee thought) guard but of two men, commanded som of his followers to set their hands to his, in the killing of *Leonatus*. But the young Prince (though not otherwise armed but with a sword) how falsly soëver hee was dealt with by others, would not betray himself; but bravely drawing it out, made the death of the first that assayled him, warn his fellows to com more warily after him. But then *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* were quickly becom parties (so just a defence deserving as much as old friendship) and so did behave them among that companie (more injurious than valiant) that many of them lost their lives for their wicked master.

Yet perhaps had the number of them at last prevailed, if the king of *Pontus* (lately by them made so) had not com unlooked for to their succour. Who (having had a dream which had fixt his imagination vehemently upon som great danger, presently to follow those two Princes, whom hee most dearly loved) was com in all haste, following as well as hee could their track with a hundred horses in that countrey, which hee thought (considering who then raigned) a fit place enough to make the stage of any Tragedie.

But then the match had been so ill made for *Plexirtus*, that his ill-led life, and wors-gotten honor should have tumbled together to destruction; had there not com in *Tydeus* and *Telenor*, with fortie or fiftie in their suit. to the defence of *Plexirtus*. These two were brothers, of the noblest hous of that country, brought up from their

infancie with *Plexirtus*, men of such prowess as not to know fear in themselvs, and yet to teach it in others that should deal with them: for they had often made their lives triumph over most terrible dangers; never dismaied, and ever fortunate; and truly no more setled in valor, than disposed to goodness and justice, if either they had lighted on a better friend, or could have learned to make friendship a childe, & not the father of virtue. But bringing up (rather then choice) having first knit their mindes unto him (indeed craftie enough, either to hide his faults, or never to shew them, but when they might pay home) they willingly held out the cours, rather to satisfie him, than all the world; and rather to bee good friends, than good men: so as though they did not like the evil hee did, yet they liked him that did the evil; and though not counsellors of the offence, yet protectors of the offender. Now they having heard of this sodain going out with so small a companie, in a countrie full of evil-wishing mindes towards him (though they knew not the caus) followed him; till they found him in such case, as they were to venture their lives, or els he lose his: which they did with such force of minde and body, that truly I may justly say, *Pyrocles* and *Musidorus* had never till then found any, that could make them so well repeat their hardest lesson in the feats of arms. And briefly so they did; that if they overcame not, yet were they not overcom, but carried away that ungrateful master of theirs to a place of securitie, howsoëver the Princes laboured to the contrarie. But this matter being thus far begun, it became not the constancie of the Princes so to leav it: but in

all haste making forces both in *Pontus* and *Phrygia*, they had in few days left him but onely that one strong place where hee was. For, fear having been the onely knot that had fastned his people unto him, that once united by a greater force, they all scattered from him, like so many birds, whose cage had been broken.

In which season the blinde King (having in the chief Citie of his Realm set the Crown upon his son *Leonatus's* head) with many tears (both of joy and sorrow) setting forth to the whole people, his own fault and his son's virtue, after he had kist him, and forc't his son to accept honor of him (as of his new-becom subject) even in a moment died, as it should seem, his heart broken with unkindness and affliction, stretched so far beyond his limits with his access of comfort, as it was able no longer to keep safe his vital spirits. But the new King (having no less lovingly performed all duties to him dead, than alive) pursued on the siege of his unnatural brother, as much for the revenge of his father, as the establishing of his own quiet. In which siege truly I cannot but acknowledg the prowess of those two brothers, than whom the Princes never found in all their travel, two of greater abilitie to perform, nor of abler skill for conduct.

But *Plexirtus* finding that if nothing els, famine would at last bring him to destruction, thought better by humbleness to creep, where by pride hee could not march. For certainly so had nature formed him, and the exercise of craft conformed him to all turningness of sleights, that though no man had less goodness in his soul than hee, no man could better finde the places whence arguments

might grow of goodness to another ; though no man felt less pitie, no man could tell better how to stir pitie ; no man more impudent to denie, where proofs were not manifest ; no man more readie to confess with a repenting manner aggravating his own evil, where denial would but make the fault fouler. Now hee took this way, that having gotten a passport for one (that pretended hee would put *Plexirtus* alive into his hands) to speak with the King his brother, hee himself (though much against the minds of the valiant brothers, who rather wished to die in brave defence) with a rope about his neck, barefooted, came to offer himself to the discretion of *Leonatus*. Where what submission hee used, how cunningly in making greater the fault, hee made the faultiness the less, how artificially hee could set out the torments of his own conscience, with the burdensom cumber hee had found of his ambitious desires, how finely seeming to desire nothing but death, as ashamed to live, hee begg'd life in the refusing it ; I am not cunning enough to bee able to express : but so fell out of it, that though at first sight *Leonatus* saw him with no other eye, than as the murderer of his father, and anger already began to paint revenge in many colors, ere long hee had not onely gotten pitie, but pardon ; and if not an excuse of the fault past, yet an opinion of a future amendment: while the poor villains (chief ministers of his wickedness, now betrayed by the author thereof) were delivered to many cruel sorts of death ; hee so handling it, that it rather seemed, hee had more com into the defence of an unremediable mischief alreadie committed, than that they had don it at first by consent.

In such sort the Princes left these reconciled brothers (*Plexirtus* in all his behaviour carrying him in far lower degree of service, than the ever-noble nature of *Leonatus* would suffer him) & taking likewise their leavs of their good friend the King of *Pontus* (who returned to enjoy som benefit, both of his wife and Kingdom) they privately went thence, having onely with them the two valiant brothers, who would needs accompanie them through divers places; they four doing acts more dangerous, though less famous, becaus they were but private chivalries: till hearing of the fair and virtuous Queen *Erona* of *Lycia*, besieged by the puissant King of *Armenia*, they bent themselves to her succour, both becaus the weaker (and weaker as being a Ladie) and partly becaus they heard the King of *Armenia* had in his companie three of the most famous men living, for matters of arms, that were known to bee in the world.

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